NEWSPAPER DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MERCANTILE AFFAIRS AND USEFUL READING

STRINGFELLOW & KELLEY.

"The Squatter claims the same Sovereignty in the Territories that he possessed in the States."

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

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### The Squatter Sovereign, IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

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Twenty to one address for \$32. Forty to one address for \$60. Money may be sent by mail, at the risk of the Editors.

Postmasters are requested to act as our Arents.

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e, or at the expiration of three months. All letters addressed to the Editors must be POST PAID, to receive attention.

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1. Subscribers who do not give express

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible, till they have settled the bill and ordered them discontinued. 4. If subscribers remove to other places with

out informing the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former direction, they are held res-

ponsible.

5. The Courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facia evidence of intentional fraud.

## The Poet's Column. I CANIOT CALL HER MOTHER.

BY. MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON. The marriage fete is over, And though I turned aside,

And though I turned aside,
To keep the guests from seeing
The tears I could not hide,
I wreathed my face in smiling,
And led my little brother,
To greet my father's chosen,
But I could not call her mother.

She is a fair young creature,
With a meek and gentle air,
With blue eyes soft and loving,
And silken, sunny hair.
I know my father gives her
The love he bore another,
But if she were an angel,

To-night I heard her singing A song I used to love, When its sweet notes were uttered By her who sings above; It pained my heart to hear it,

And my tears I could not am For every word was hallowed By the dear voice of my mother. My father, in the sunshine

Of happy days to come, May half forget the shadow That darkened our old home; His heart is no more lonely, But I and little brother Must still be orphan children— God can give us but one mother.

They've born my mother's picture They've born my mother's picture
From its accustomed place,
And set beside my father's
A younger, fairer face;
They've made her dear old chamber
The boudoir of another,
But I will not forget thee,
My own, my angel mother.

THE WRECKED HEART.

My life is like the scattered wreck, Cast by the waves upon the shore The broken mast, the drifted deck, Tell of the shipwreck that is o'er; Yet from these relics of the storm The mariner his raft will form, And tempt again the faithless set: But hope rebuilds no bark for me.

My life is like the blighted oak
Which lifts its seared and withered fort
Scathed by the lightning's sudden stroke,
And sternly meets the coming storm,
Yet round its leadless trunk will twine
The curling tendrils of the vine,
And life the freshness there impart:
But not to my sad, blighted heart.

My life is like the deserted rock In the mid ocean, lone and drear,
Worn by the wild wave's ceaseless shock
Which round its base their surges rear;
Yet there the sea moss still will cling—
Some flower may find a cleft to spring,
And lonely vield its sweet perfume:
For me, no heart-flowers more will bloom

meals in front of a mirror. He does

### A Scene in a Conscript's Life.

The sergeant and the priest advance the two friends embraced and kissed each other; Reaumer retired to a spot where the other soldier was standing; and kneeling on one knee, leant his face on his hands, still convulsively and unconsciously grasping the spade, as if for a support; the other twelve men had formed a double line, about fourteen paces to the front of Jean, who was between them and the embankment, his white clothed figure, thus set in relief by the dark 'ground beyond presenting a clear aim to their muskets. He knelt down on his right knee, resting on the other his left arm: he said in a firm voice, "I am ready." The priest was about to bind a handkerchief about his eyes; but he said, "No-I pray I may be spared that: let me see my death; I am not afraid of it." The priest after consulting the sergeant's looks, withdrew the handkerchief. Colon or of a column, three months...10 00 retired to the place where Reaumer and the twelve months.20 00 other soldiers were; and the priest, after six months .... 12 00 having received from his penitent the assurance that he died "in charity with all mankind," and having bestowed on him a last benediction, and laid on his lips the -"Prepare,"-the twelve muskets were brought forward-"Present;" they were le-To Communications of a personal nature, will be inserted as advertisements, and charged for at the rates of \$2,00 per square, and payment required in advance.

The sergeant was raising his cane as the last signal, to spare the victim even the short pang of hearing the fetal word. the short pang of hearing the fatal word, "Fire!" when Rollo, with a loud yell, sprang to his master's side.

He had been startled from his slumber by the roll of the drum; and, looking up at what was going on, perceiving Jean left kneeling all alone, and all so silent, except Reaumer's faintly heard sobs, his instinct seemed to tell him his master was in some danger; his whining was unheard or unheeded; he felt this too, and ceased it, but made a desperate effort to break the rope that held him, which, weakened as it was by his late gnawing and tugging at it when in the out house at Charolle, soon gave way, and, as above mentioned, he He came and Rollo with him, and the lat- lar limpsy. I discovered a grease spot on hair, and commenced a poem in 17 canhe only raised his right arm, and gently whimpered imploringly up to him. Jean inine presence before, and my bashfulness evening—substantial victuals didn't agree gaze still fixed on the soldiers before him. but his gaze drooped, though without quail- much tribulation, I achieved a seat on a good breakfast—a tender glance has serv-But the dog was not checked by the move- ing, beneath that of the piercing, large clumsey looking foot-stool, which I under- ed me for a dinner many a time, and when ment of his master; still whining, and with his ears beseechingly laid back, he struggled hard to get nearer to him. Colon felt for Jean's situation, and made a sign to Reaumer (who, wondering at the pause since the last word of command, had raised his eyes,) that he should try to coax the dog off; he did so by whistling and calling, but, of course, quite in vain. It will be at once seen that, though this has taken some time in the telling, all that passed from the time of Rollo's arrival was little more than the transaction of a moment.

Still it was a delay; and the men were ready to fire; and Colon, not thinking the incident of sufficient weight to authorize a suspension of the execution, however temporary, muttered, "Great pity-the poor fellow will die, too," He turned his face to his men; and was again about to give the signal, when he was a second time interrupted by hearing loud shouts from behind him, accompanied by the discharge of a park of cannon. He glanced towards the opposite hill at his back, whereon the village stood, and there he saw all was confusion and bustle-officers galloping to and fro, and the men forming hurriedly into a line; he hastily gave the word, "As you were;" for along a line of road to Jean. the northeast of the hill he saw a thick cloud of dust, from which quickly sprung out a group of horsemen, evidently officers; the foremost not so tall as most of them, though he sat firmly, too, was recog- Gevard, for the present I respite thee." nised by Colon and his men (long before he was near enough for them to distinguish Emperor's hand to kiss it; but Napoleon frock coat, and small flat three cornered it." hat. Colon gave the word of command: march of the grand army some leagues be- did so. hind, and ridden on towards Labarre, in "They are the tears of a brave man sir." take the detachment by surprise, and see side, on whose features the Emperor's side what they were about. His eagle eye, glance had caught a nascent smile: "For- saw a sofa. whose glance saw everything like another's ward," and at full gallop the party left the gaze, had at once detected the party on the ground. hill, and he had ridden from the road at Jean's feelings at this sudden escape

An economical man always takes full speed up the slope to discover what the from death, were like those of a man awa-

he said, in a voice panting after his hard gallop, "Hey! what's this? a desertion?" "Yes, sire-no sire; not exactly," stamnered Colon.

"Not exactly! what then?" asked Napoon, in a rather peevish tone, his face asuming more than its usual sternness; for hardly anything more provoked him than esitation on the part of those he address-

"Absence against orders, sire, replied

"Aha! for how long? Is that his "Yes, sire; only a few hours." "A few hours! Who gave this order,

"General S-\_. sire."

"What character does the man bear?" "He is a brave man, sire."

"He is a Frenchman, retorted Napoleon, proudly;" "but is he honest, and sober, and generally obedient?"

"Yes, sire, this is his first fault."

"Hem! how long has he served?" "Three years last March, sire." "A louder and higher toned 'Hem!' es-

aped Napoleon; and his attention was at he same moment attracted by Reaumer, who with a timid step, had approached the ly classic; she stoops fashionably, with the Emperor; and, kneeling on one knee, with clasped hands and broken voice, cried, "Oh! sire, if you-if you would spare his life—he is innocent of—any intention to That seraphic sister—to attempt a descripdesert—that I can—

"Are you his brother?" interrupted the Emperor.

"No sire," answered Reaumer-his friend -his dear friend."

"He told them me, sire; he only went last night to see his friends, and would have returned the same night, but that I-I adand I know

"And what business hadst thou to back to thy place."

shame. Napoleon beckoned Jean to him. sprang with a yell to his master's side. ter, as though understanding the power and my vest, and seemed to become mysterious-But Jean's thoughts at that moment were authority of the man his master thus obey- ly conscious of a hole in my pantaloons,— flection I was led to doubt the propriety of too seriously engaged to heed even Rollo; ed, put his forepaws against his stirrup, and Never had I been so shame-faced in femput the dog aside, his own mild unflinching looked for a moment in the Emperor's face, only temporarily deserted me, when, after with me—a kind word from her was a a short pause, Napoleon asked,

> "Thine age? Lie down; down dog!" for Rollo was getting importunate. "Twenty five years, sire," Jean answer-

"Why hast thou disobeyed orders?"

"I could not help it sire." "Could'nt help it! How dost thou

nean?" "I was so near my friends, and so longed

sire. "Tis a strange excuse. Down! I say good brute!" but, at the same moment that gave it to Rollo to lick, then, after a short pause, added, "And thou sawest thy pa-

"Yes, sire, and I was returning to regiment, when-"

"Ah! is this true, sergeant?" turning to

"Yes sire; 'tis true," answered he. "We "I need not have asked though," inter-

rupted Napoleon. "The man's face looks

"Jean Gevard, sire. Down Rollo! I fear he is troublesome to your highness."

Napoleon smiled-perhaps at the title and answered, "No, no; poor Rollo, he them, nor so graceful a rider as many of a fine dog. I shall inquire into this affair,

Jean knelt on his knee, and seized the

But this made no difference to poor Jean, the soldiers shouldered their muskets, and who kissed it eagerly; and when Napoleon prepared to salute; and, in another minute, drew it away, it was wet with tears. He Nanoleon, at the head of his staff, reined looked on the back of his hand a moment. up on the top of the hill. He had left the and his lips compressed themselves as he

object of the meeting was; a glance, too kened from a frightful dream, before his told him that; and while he was yet returning the salute of the men and his sergeant, to remember all its circumstances. Jean ing Thackeray's generalism at Waterloo, frequently pass current at wa

of his comrades—those very hands that a before the public, telling who had the black-minute before were about to deal him death est eye when President Pierce and Joan in those show-windows. As an adver-

Doestleks in Love. Seventy hundred and one, Narrow St. | NEW YORK, Jan. 29, 1855.

Previous to last Wednesday night, I sional fit of cholera morbus, I had never experienced anything even remotely approaching the tender passion. But on the evening of that eventful Wednesday, Sandie Goatie invited me to go with him to not a scholarly person, and has never received that questionable blessing, a college education. He always says "codfish" instead of "bona fide," and calls "tempus fugit" "pork and beans;" the only "Jupiter" he knows is a sable gentleman, and his only idea of "Venus," is a colored washerwoman, who in early life got up his hebdomadel linen. But his sister is eminent-"Grecian bend"-has a Roman nose, and her name is Calanthe Maria. I went to see that sister, I saw that sister, I "caved." tion of her beauty, would be insanity itself. I will only mention her hair, and when I have said that this was sublime and divine, I wish it distinctly understood that I use these - ble terms, because the poverty of "And how know you what his intentions our language does not afford adjectives of adequate force.

The instant I saw her, my presence mind deserted me. I felt bashful-I was conscious that I looked like a fool in the ded myself,) seemed as unworthy to be when she gave me pewter dimes in change. seen in her presence, as if it had been vise a comrade in a breach of duty? Stand bought second-hand in Chatham street .-Beneath the glance of her brilliant eyes, And Reaumer retired covered with my feet seemed to grow too short, and my legs too long, my coat too big, and my colstood was called an "Ottoman."

silk dress, of a pattern which seemed to ria and her devoted Philander. have been designed for a gigantic checkerboard, with a train to do scavenger duty, o see them, that indeed I could not help it, and short sleeves with lace curtains underneath-her neck and shoulders hidden from view by a thin veil of transparent surrounded by roses, attended by cupids lace, of a pattern designedly made to at- and just big enough for Calanthe Maria, Suffice it to say, that she was dressed as debts, no getting up early cold mornings, the prevailing fashion seems to demand. no tight boots, no bad cigars: nothing but I essayed to speak to her, but my timidity love, luxury, and Calanthe Maria. I came returned upon me with double force. Mus- down occasionally out of my airy mansion tered courage at length and asked her to to speak a few words of compassion to my sing, and stepped on her toes while turn- companions in the office, who hadn't got false note, I exclaimed "delicious." She made a two-handed discord, which I pronounced "enchanting," and when at last, true. Thy name?" again addressing from excess of agitation, she broke flat down, I enthusiastically declared that I ed at "Corinth" and "Silver street"-I attempting to sing the words, of "Old Hundred," which didn'nt seem to jibe.

a table, and into a music rack-"promenaded" my partner over the stove-"ballanorder, with his wonted watchfulness, to said he, turning to a young officer at his ced" her into a side-board, and eventually attempted to seat her in a mirror, where I

> Then I essayed conversation, and I am confident I talked the most absurd nonsense for the rest of my call-distinctly ember speaking of Noah Webster's beautiful play of "Evangeline", eulogising article. But I find that in New York, Shakapeare's "Robinson Crusoe"—criticis- perambulating bundles of dry goods not un-

had little time, however, to gather them on attempting to explain the difficulties which milliners now put their eccentric inventions this occasion, for Reaumer's arms were, in attended Henry Ward Beecher's attempts upon these locomotive shams, to the great a moment, around his neck; and the hands to get his opera of "the Bohemian Girl" neglect of those revolving waxen ladies who were now gladly grasping his; and their many congratulations on his escape ended in one loud shoul of Live the Emperor." lest eye when President Pierce and Joan in those show-windows. As an advertising medium, they possess facilities for publicity beyond any of the newspapers, having a circulation, which is unattainable ing to explain why Admiral Elihu Burritt, by anything dumb and unpetticoated. The and his right hand man Xerxes the Great, great staple of the South has not only did not succeed in taking Sebastopol in a month, according to contract.

When I bid her "good night," she took my hand and set me crazy by the touch of her fairy, taper fingers-dreamed all night name constantly present to my eyes. The about "Calanthe," and said "my darlin" to stages, the dry goods boxes, the street, and him as he handed me my coffee-gave my signs were once more lettered in sensible tailor an order for a new coat and two characters. I was guilty of no more poetsee his sister. Now my friend Sandie is pairs of pantaloons, and told him to change ry, went to no more operas-in short, exthem to "Calanthe"-got a box of cigars hibited no longer any of the signs of insanand a demijohn of Scotch whisky, and sign- ity, but relapsed at once into my former ed the drayman's receipt "Calanthe"-all the signs read "Calanthe"-every street longed to the "Calanthe" line, and were himself again." going to "Calanthe" ferry-the ship "Calanthe" had arrived, the steamboat "Calanthe" had burst her boiler, and the brig "Calanthe" had been seen bottom upward with her rudder gone. I saw, heard, read, dreamed, thought, and talked nothing but "Calanthe," and cannibal that I am, I verily believe I eat nothing but "Calanthe"

The day after I saw her first I felt se exceedingly amiable that I bought something of every pedlar who came into the store-laid in a stock of matches, pencils, shoe brushes, suspenders, boot jacks, and blacking, which will last me a short lifetime-bought so much candy that the office-boy had the colic every afternoon for a week-called the apple-woman "my own vised him to meet the regiment at Labarre; face, and my apparel, (on which I had pri- sweet love," and said "thank you darling,"

> Wrote spasmodic poetry about Calanthe's hair-a sonnet to her glossy hair-lines to say: her raven tresses-verses to her locks of iet-odes to her ebon ringlets-stanzas to her sable curls-rhymes to her coal-black Wheth, she pressed my hand I couldn't eat any er it had any connection with Turks, tur- thing for a fortnight but oranges, cream kies and Thanksgiving, I failed to discover. candy, and vanilla beans. We went to Left alone a short time, I had leisure to the theatre, endured the negro minstrels recover myself somewhat, and to note the and braved the horrors of a second-rate individual charms of my fair enslaver. A Italian opera Company-in fact, everypartial inventory of her visible apparel, is where, where there was anything to be ineffaceably stamped upon my mind. A seen or heard, there were Calanthe Ma-

For a month I forgot my debt, neglected business, ignored entirely this mundane sphere, and lived in a rainbow colored grial castle, of the most elegant finishhe said so, he ungloved his hand, and tract attention-beneath which could be and the subscriber. In that happy place , but particulars are omitted, there were no duns, no tailor's bills, no ing over her music-praised everything in any Calanthe, but I went right back again net him about three quarters of a league the wrong place, and when she sung a as quick as I could to that rose colored dream-land where love and Calanthe were

"boss and all hands." At last one fatal evening I was unde ceived. We were waltzing, and through some clumsiness on my part, her hair was "never more delighted in the whole caught in a gass fixture-some mysterious course of my life." Asked her to play a and treacherous string broke, and those waltz, and handed her a choir book, open- glossy ringlets, the object of my adoration came off, leaving the head bald as a brickfound I was wrong, and turned over the bat. Relating this scrape of the locks to leaf to "Sinners turn, why will ye die ?"- a friend, he informed me that the rest of discovered that all was not right yet, and her charms would not bear minute inspec then requested her to play some sacred mu- tion, for she wore false teeth, and bought her a single feature in his face) by his grey said, "Stay, stay; the dog has been licking sic, and in my anxiety to get the right notes complexion at Phalon's; and that her gracethis time placed before her the "Jeany Lind ful form was the result of a skillful com Polka," which she at once began to play, bination of cotton and whalebone. This was too much. While I thought Calanthe a woman, I loved her, but the discovery We tried to dance, but my confusion of the fishy element excited a prejudicestill continued. I "chassey'd myself across as a female, she had my affection, and I plated matrimony-as a land mermaid, I had no desire to swindle Barnun and become her proprietor.

Coming as I did, from a se country where they have human women, and where they don't attempt to deceive mesculine mankind with French millinerie strategy, I was unprepared for counterfeit and had been easily

"made" some of our first men, but has been discovered to enter largely into the composition of many of our first ladies.

My madness without having a femining unpoetical condition-the spell was broken-the blind fiend was exorcised-reawas "Calanthe" street-all the stages be- son got back to the old bunk, "Richard was

Yours, convalescent and thankful. Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B.

### A Distressed Crab.

Several years ago, a man named Crabb petitioned the Legislature of Massachusetts to change his name, because his sweetheart refused to marry him while he was be greatly in want of a husband, was praycalled by so unloving a cognomen. On the ing with fervency: Oh! thou knowest what rejection of Crabb's bill by the Senate, the is the desire of my heart?" she exclaimed: New York Transcript, with its peculiar "A m-a-n!" responded a brother in a broad tact of turning everything laughable to good accent. It was wicked, but we are quite account, closed the sad fate of the disap- sure that several grave members smiled on pointed lover in a crabbed tragi-comedy, the occasion.

Now let us imagine for a moment what must be the sad sequel of this ungallant in a Boston paper, lately for a young man rejection. Mr. Isaac Crabb goes to visit to work in a store, was answered by eighhis dulcinea. He knocks at the door with teen applicants. But one for a gentleman a trembling hand, and while he is waiting to travel and play on the banjo met with for it to be opened, he fancies he hears her four hundred and nine respondents. There

"If you're Mr. Harrison, come in- if ton who "play on the banjo." you're Crabb, stay out!" He is presently admitted, and his mis

tress, with a doubtful expression of coun-"Am I to address you as Mr. Harrison

or Mr .- ah! oh! I cannot speak the odious name of Mr .-

"Crabb, madam, my name is still Crabb, I am sorry to say it for your sake and mine. The Legislature has declined my suit .in declining it? Will-"

"Don't slide up to me. I cannot bear a ted press. critter that goes sideways. Keep your claws off me !" "Ah, cruel, shall I never have the pleas

ure of calling you Mrs. Crabb? Shall no young Crabbs climb upon our knees to hare our affections and kisses?

"No, I'll have no such critters poking about me; I'm sure they must all be married men, or incorrigible old bachelors."

"Whatever they may be, there's no hope for them at all. But why should a mere name separate two beings whose hearts dam."

are firmly united?" "Any other name I could abide-

think of sleeping with a---!" "We shall both be crabs together." "Not by a jug full. Hav'nt I told you

often enough----?" "Is that your ultimatum, then? Must I cede? Must I retrogade? Must I adance backwards? Farewell, then, most lovely, cruel woman! Farewell, most uneeling Legislature! Farewell, all the joys and delights of matrimony! Incontinently will I drown myself. I'll make my bed in

deep water with my fellow Crabbs!" Then all ye lovers when ye go A-fishing in the sea, And find a "Crab" upon your hook, Then think—oh, think of me.

I died because I was a Crabb, My love was "crabbed," too; And yet she would not be a Crabb, For all that I could do.

Ah, "crabbed" fate, above my bones,
There rests no marble slab;
I lie among the earth and stones,
A poor, forgotten Crabb.

GREEN.-Sam. Lathrop, the jestor of and's Circus Company, at the Metropolitan theater, is a funny fellow. He mad the audience laugh outright the other night at a story he told of himself and another young man having been partners: "What was your business?" enquired

the riding master. "We both loved the same girl. Bu she would not have either of us, because the cholera was prevalent."

"What had the cholera to do with you "She said the doctor told

very thing green!" To get rid of an acc is poor, lend him some money; if he is

ch, ask him to land yea some.

# Jimm Corner.

Some one tells a good story of a broadback Kentuckian who went down to Orleans for the first time. Whiskey, brandy, and plain drinks, he knew, but as to compounded and flavored liquors, he was a Know Nothing. Reposing on the seats of the court of St. Charles, he observed a score of fashionables drinking mint juleps. "Boy," said he, "bring me a glass of that beverage." When he had consumed the cooling draught, he called the boy, "Boy, what was my last remark?" "Why, you ordered a julip." "That's right, don't forget it-keep bringing 'em."

WIT AS IS WIT .- At a social party a ew nights since, no matter where, a lady asked a lawyer "Why coal was like a celebrated law book?"

"I have no doubt of its being Black stone," replied the lawyer.

"But," said the lady, "we burn Coke "True," said the lawyer, "but at most

of the coal-yards you get a very Little A few evenings since a widow who was known by the entire congregation to

Don't LIKE WORK .- An advertisement

BO A widow once said to her daughter, "When you are at my age, it will be time enough to dream of a husband." "Yes mamina," replied the thoughtless girl, "for a second time." The mother fainted.

must be a great many "gentlemen" in Bos-

HORRIBLE IF TRUE .- At a meeting of unmarried printers, which convented not long since, the following toast was drank she is always in favor of a well conduc-

"Dick, why don't you turn the buffalo robe t'other side out, hair is the varmest?"

"Bah, Tom, get out. Do you suppose the animal himself didn't know how to wear his hide? I follow his style."

Grace Greenwood has taken to swearing. She said of an old mill which had gone to decay, the water having dried away in the stream, "it wasn't worth a

Bo I am afraid you will come to vant." said an old lady to her daughter. "I have come to want already," was the reply-"I want a nice young man." "I can marry any girl I please,"

said a young fellow, boastingly. "Very true," replied his waggish companion, "for you can't please any."

kissed him, he felt as if he was sliding down a rain-bow with a thousand bricks after him. The report that an old lady, in her

Dobbs says the first time 4 girl

anxiety to hear a courting scene, run her head through the key hole, is not contradic-"Why do you set your cup of coffee upon the chair, Mr. Jones?" "It is

weak ma'm," replied Mr. Jones, demurely, "I thought I would let it rest." A popular writer, speaking of the ocean telegraph, wonders whether the

news transmitted through the salt water

will be fresh. The substance of the verdict of a recent coroner's jury, on a man who died

in a state of inebriation, was-"Death by hanging-round a rum-shop." Somebody says a wife should b like roasted lamb—tender and nicely dress-ed. Somebody else wickedly adds, "and

without sauce." The climax of superfluous politeness has been declared to be holding an

mbrella over a duck in the rain. An Irishman in New Harmon warns the people not to trust his wife, by

use he was never married to her.

Asia atte out service